DREAM LIFE IN REAL LIFE

Delhi, to the gardens of Kashmir on her stupendous Pegu elephant, the howdah blazing with gold and blue, and followed by sixty other elephants equally resplendent, bearing all the beauties of the Court and their attendants,, on her way to a holiday beside the Shalimar and Jhelum, accompanying the Emperor who was followed by an army of 300,000 men. Over their camp at night hung the Lamps of Heaven, 120 feet high, while watch-fires blazed round the camp, and sentries paced their round.

Roshanara loved beauty in her life, and in death she lies covered, not by green grass, but by marbles, surrounded by flowers varied as the days of her gorgeous career, the passion pale flowers of the tuberose, the flaming tints of the hibiscus, the imperial purple of the bougain-villea.

One other woman of the Royal House of Timur has come down to us in history, the last to live in those marble halls before the pale-faced women of the West filled them with

their light laughter.

Zainut Mahal, Ornament of Palaces, watched from the eight-sided tower, outlined against the blue haze that hangs above the Jumna, her

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